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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England and America combined. Each copy numbered.

No. 122.....

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, PH.D.

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TO

MY KIND FRIEND

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN

OF

HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

* *
*

PREFACE.

SPENSER'S "Shepheardes Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579–97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepheardes Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K.," the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that "E. K." and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall[1] under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

1. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertvous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sidney. (·.·) At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.[2] This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

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[1] Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362:—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj^{d}.

[2] Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N4 in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist:—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.[1]

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.[2]

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.[3]

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.[4]

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.[5] The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title:—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. ∴ ¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupies one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteining twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

[1] Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

[2] Catalogus Impressorum Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana, vol. iii. p. 520.

[3] Rob. Sinker, Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College. Cambridge, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

[4] Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

[5] Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380:

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vjd.

learning and chiualry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

4. The Shepheards Calender, Conteining twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chiualry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepheards Calendar. Conteining twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepheardes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: The Faerie Qveen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser. ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renouned for Pietie, Vertve, and all Graciovs Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Fame.[1]

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

[1] In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepheards Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.

The Shepheards Calendar, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying "Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglicè olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653." 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: "De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis," and an "augmented Glossary." On the title-page below, the words: "Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon." No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer's name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the Shepherdes Calendar has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,[1] the best known of which are Todd's (1805), Collier's, (1862), Hales' (1869), and Grosart's (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.[2]

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the "Shepheardes Calender," 1888, separately, for Cassell's National Library (12mo).

[1] According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the "Shepheardes Calendar" has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

[2] H. J. Todd's ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier's ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales' Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart's ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

II.

THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K.," who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobody knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K.," and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates[1] nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,[2] and he was proclaimed the author of

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[1] Cooper's Athenæ Cantabrigienses, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244–245:—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574–5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. Biograph. Brit., 3804, 3805, 3814. Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, Ancient Critical Essays, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ii. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' Brit. Librarian, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

[2] "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580:—

1. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whorshippe: of

"the Glosse." Thus from edition to edition of Spenser's works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd[1] writes: "Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name." He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator "E. K."

Collier[2] says: "The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser's own college, whose initials correspond with the 'E. K.' placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the 'Shepheardes Calender,' puts an end to the absurd speculations[3] hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself."

Hales,[4] in his biography of Spenser, says: "These poems are

whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe."

2. "Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke."

3. "You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other."

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

"I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.," &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart's edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

[1] Todd, Spenser's Works, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

[2] J. Payne Collier, The Complete Works of Spenser, vol. i. p. xl.

[3] Rob. Nares, A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc., in English Authors. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under "Frembd," "Spenser was probably his own commentator;" under "Mister," "his own Glossary."

[4] J. W. Hales, Life of Spenser, in Morris's Globe edition, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,[1] in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepheardes Calender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'[2] which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,[3] after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

[1] Grosart, Spenser's Works, vol. iii. p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the Athen. Cantab., Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

[2] *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365:—

"The gloss or explanatory commentatory prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.,' intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

[3] Geo. L. Craik, Spenser and his Poetry. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34–35.

likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his Dreams, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the Gloss shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the Eclogues, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,[1] and to avoid as far as he

[1] The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.[1] To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

[1] Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, Erster Versuch über die englische Hirtendichtung, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "Faerie Queene," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how doutfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "Shepheardes Calender"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,[1] arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

1. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert[2] concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarus, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, *e.g.*, Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Brink, and Koeppel have proved. Compared to them

[1] Dr. Uhlemann, Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shepheardes Calender," Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.

[2] Kluge, Anglia, vol. iii. pp. 266–274; Reissert, Anglia, vol. ix. pp. 205–224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phædon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"[1] written between 1584–89, that he was well versed with Greek philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"[2] Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

[1] Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there *a gentleman in this company*, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing *him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall*" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. i. p. lviii.).

[2] Compare, *e.g.*, the 26th stanza :—

> "For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
> Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
> On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
> Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

"Shepheardes Calender" is the "General Argument of the Whole Book," treating chiefly of the history of the "Calender." An article about the signification of the word "eclogue," which, according to "E. K.," has etymologically to be spelled "aigloga," concludes with the words, "Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion." What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an "E. K.," whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, "The English Poet," which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: "In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called 'The English Poet,' which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God's grace, upon further advisement to publish." From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, "The English Poet," treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the "glosse" to the eclogue of October, "E. K." terminates a long remark to the words "For ever," thus: "Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably." This "else where" can only refer to "The English Poet," as none of Spenser's works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to "The English Poet." As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an "E. K.," I think we may reasonably suppose that "E. K." is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

> "Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
> But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

> "Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,
> Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

> "All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
> As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.[1] Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay togither in Westminster?

> 'That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
> As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'"

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which," —and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

[1] Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your councell."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

> "Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
> Honor d'Imperatori et di Poeti," etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey's third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : "Think upon Petrarch's Arbor vittoriosa triomfale, Onor, etc., and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher." Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with him, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the "Glosse" to the "Shepheardes Calender," which latter is under the circumstances more probable.[1]

The identity of "E. K." with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the "General Argument," and of the note to the words "For ever," in the tenth Eclogue. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

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[1] Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. *x*. pp. 204–205 : "In the 'Glosse' of the Eclogue of April, Rosalind is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as Myrto or Petrarch's Laura, 'or Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eies.' If we compare these latter lines with verses 919-924 of 'Colin Clout's come home againe :'—

> 'And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
> How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
> Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
> Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
> Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
> And made amends to her with treble praise,'

we are led to think that both came from the same pen."

It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,[1] are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspere's Sonnets.

[1] Eclogue for January: Sir Tho. Smith; in the third Eclogue: Angelus Politianus.

THE
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable
to the twelve monethes.

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.
(··)

AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
signe of the golden Tunne, and
are there to be solde.
1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As child whoſe parent is vnkent:
To him that is the preſident
Of nobleſſe and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccoure flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing,
And aſked, who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepheards ſwaine ſaye did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aſke thy name,
Say thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was ſayd of mee:
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immeritô.

The generall argument of the whole booke.

Ittle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But for the vword Æglogues I knovv is vnknowen to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say somevvhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They vvere first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Æglogaj as it vvere αἴγων or αἰγονόμων λόγοι. that is Gotheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Gotehcards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vvelspring the vvhole Inuencion of his Æglogues, maketh Gotehcards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vvho seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they vvould say, extraordinary discourses of vnnecessarie matter, vvhich difinition albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the ἀκόλουθε and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues. vvhich sentence this authour very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fevv Gotcheards haue to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal thē by the vsed and best knovven name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. The se xij. Æclogues euery where answeting to the seasons of the tvvelue monthes may be vvell deuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvhich for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence devve to old age, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards & passours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vvhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Æclogues. Now vvill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvhich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fovvly to haue faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeate. For it is wel knowen, and stoutely mainteyned vvith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne renevveth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter novv vvorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt also vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauiour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vvho as then renevving the state of the decayed vvorld, and returning the cōpasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the endē of the last yeere and beginning of the next. vvhich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vppon good proofe of

ſpecial iudgemẽt For albeit that in elder times, vvhen as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæſar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches begianing, and according to the ſame God (as is ſayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Ievves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich vve call March, for the firſt moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwiſe obſerued, both in gouernment of of the church, and rule of Mightieſt Realmes. For from Iulius Cæſar vvho firſt obſerued the leape yeere vvhich he called Biſſextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain courſe the odde vvandring dayes vvhich of the Greekes vvere called ἐμβολιμαῖοι. of the Romaines intercalares (for in ſuch matter of learning I am forced to vſe the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombrẽd xij. vvhich in the firſt ordinaunce of Romulus vvere but tenne, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in euery yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvho vvas the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, ſeeing that reckoning to agree neither vvith the courſe of the ſonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherin it ſeemeth, that vviſe king minded vpon good reaſon to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore ſo called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures nevv comming into the vvorlde, it ſeemeth that he therfore to him aſſigned the beginning and firſt entraunce of the yeare. vvhich account for the moſt part hath hetherto continued. Notvvithſtanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the beſt Rabbins, and very purpoſe of the ſcripture ſelfe; God made the vvorlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tiſri And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feaſt of Pauilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the ſeuenth moneth, vvhich before that time was the firſt.

But our Authour reſpecting nether the ſubtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fitteſt according to the ſimplicitie of commen vnderſtanding, to begin vvith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decorũ, that Sepheard ſhould be ſeene in matter of ſo deepe inſight, or canuaſe a caſe of ſo doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & ſo continueth he throughout.

¶ To the most excellent and learned both Orator and Poete, Mayster Gabriell Harvey, his verie special and singular good frend E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new Poete.

(∴)

NCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language: and vvhom our Colin clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, as in that good old Poete it serued vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vvell taketh place in this our nevv Poete, vvho for that he is vncouthe (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknown to most mē, is regarded but of fevv. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knovvledg of men, and his vvorthines be founded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vvisenesse, his devve obseruing of Decorum euerye vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvhich of many thinges which in him be straunge, I knovv vvill seeme the straungest, the vvords them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And firste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly tedd, hovv could it be, (as that vvorthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other cause he vvalked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde vvould make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuie, and of other against Salluste, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one & in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memory sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a

perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuetend : no otherwise then vve honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we haue of old age. yet nether euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for ofstimes we fynde our selues, I knowe not hovv, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So ofentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordaunce: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the toynt of a wel shaped body. But if any vvill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnvvonted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvitless headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning. for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vvil iudge of the length of his cast. for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare disherited. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couted most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeuoured to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not vveighing hovv il, those tongues accorde vvith themselues, but much vvorse vvith ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufray or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some no so wel seme in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if the happen to here an olde vvord albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euãders mother spake. vvhose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight vvay deeme to be senceless, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, vvould inno wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their ovvne country and natural speach, vvhich together vvith their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themselues not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry hullock, that so faine vvould feede: vvhose currish kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from bytyng.

Novv for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round vvithout roughnesse, and learned wythout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstoode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For vvhat in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it vvere vngyrt, in this Authour is vvell grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye route of out ragged rymers (for so themselues vse to hunt the letter) vvhich vvithout learning boste, vvithout

iudgement

iudgement iangle, vvithout reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had nevvly rauished them aboue the meanenesse of commen capacitie. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly eyther for vvant of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it vvere a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, vvhen the traunce came vpon her. Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovvne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vvhose person the Authour selfe is shadovved, hovv surre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shovves, both him selfe sheweth, vvhere he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill. And,
Enough is me to paint our my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, vvherein, it semeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. vvhich moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to vvrite, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue vvith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilities? and as young birdes, that be nevvly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flevv Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vvas all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet vvell feeling his vvinges So flevv Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhose foting this Author euery vvhere followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our nevv Poete, as a bird, vvhose principals be scarce grovven out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Novv as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed yougth had long vvandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to vvarne (as he sayth) the young shepheards .i. his equalls and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a nevv vvorke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion for the exposition of old vvordes & harder phrases: vvhich maner of glosing and commenting, vvell I vvote, vvil seeme strannge & rare in our tongue: yet for somuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in wordes and matter vvould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknovven, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I vvas made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vvorks of his: vvhich albeit I knovv he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendship, him selfe being for long time surre estraunged, hoping that this vvill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vworks of his, vvhich slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; vvhose commendations to set out, vvere verye

vayne; the thinges though vvorthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maister Harvey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinesse generally, and othervvyse vpon some particular & special considerations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusasion, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield with your good vvil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I knovv vvilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recōmending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good frend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singuler account of vvo so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farvvel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded E. K.

Post scr

NOvv I trust M. Harvey, that vpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, vvhich catch at the garlond, vvhich to you alone is devve, you vvill be persvvaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, vvhich lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention aud Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Harvey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of Aprill. 1579.

Ægloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute *a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called* Rosalinde: *with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.*

COLIN Cloute.

Shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now vnnethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he loud, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.

Januarie.

Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And *Pan* thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud frieſing with vnkindly cold:
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in dirry pricles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the pricles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:

Wait

Mayst witnesse well by thy ill gouernement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower.
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue should breede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kidds, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou vnlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:
Both pype and Muse, shall sore the while abye.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phœbus* gan availe,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Januarie.

Colins Emblème.

Anchôra Speme.

GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knovv or to haue skill. As vvell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouerment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vvrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a fitt. Sere) vvithered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vvhereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, vvhich the learned call pederastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvhich is Alcybiades ovvne selfe. And so is pederastice much to be preferred before gynerastice, that is the loue vvhiche enflameth men vvith lust tovvard vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuelish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlavvful fleshlinesse. VVhose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a prety Epanorthosis in these tvvo verses, and vvithall a Paronomasia or playing vvith the vword, vvhere he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvhich being wel ordered, vvil bevvray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvhich of some is supposed to be

Iulia

Iulia, the emperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is vvel knowen that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secret Personages.

Auail) bring downe.

Embleme:

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning vvherof is, that notvvithstande his extreme passion and luckless loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.

Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot *an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of* Cuddie *an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so thē in our*

F

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

AH for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage.
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tallwage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complaineſt thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne langheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the peare.
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the bleme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Dyerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youngth to spil.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head deray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phyllis* prayse:
But *Phyllis* is myne for many dayes:

I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So sinirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewclap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

THere grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the geay mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes bled to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruict, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.

Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon sinell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Dake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.
Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to seruewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Caul lesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure;
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vsen Ambitions folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whose

Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Hindering with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight:
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his rancker wormes light
Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowrets bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodlihead to aswage
The rankorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
Semed, the senceleſse pyon dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often croſt with the prieſtes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But ſike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miſerye.
For nought mought they quitten him from deeap:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And ſighed to ſee his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the ſteele had pierced his pitch,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
Thearth ſhronke vnder him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.
Now ſtands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleaſaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftſones Winter gan to approche,
The bluſtring Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the ſolitarie Brere:
For nowe no ſuccoure was ſeene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and diſconſolate,
The byting froſt nipt his ſtalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnowe burdned him ſo ſore,
That nowe vpright he can ſtand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and bronzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For ſcorning Elo

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee ſhepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe haue I liſtened to thy ſpeche,
That graſſed to the ground is my breche:

My hartblood is welnigh froyne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Hye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

Cuddies Embleme.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.
Gride) perced : an olde vword much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.
Ronts) young bullockes.
VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhence commeth shipvvracke: and not vvreake, that is vengeaunce or vvrath.
Foeman) a foe.
Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.
The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borovved of Mimus Publianus, vvhich vsed this prouerb in a verse.
Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.
Heardgromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.
Fond Flyes) He compareth careless sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvarme, begin to flye abroade vvhen sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold:
But est when) A verye excellent and liuely description of VVinter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.
Breme) dull, bitter. Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinckled.
Accoied) plucked dovvne and daunted. Surquedrie) pryde.
Elde) olde age. Sicker) sure. Tottie) vvauering.
Corbe) crooked. Heric) worshippe.
Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknowen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, lóued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.
Belte) a girdle or wast band. A son) a foole. Iythe) soft & gentile.
Venteth) snuffeth in the vvind. Thy flocks Father) the Ramme. Crags) neckes

Rather Lambes) that be evved early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is) A verye moral and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vveare vvayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.

VVell thevved) that is, Bene moratæ, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.

VVhy standst) The speach is scorneful & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.

Accloieth) encombreth. Adavved) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber vvood. Sterne strife) said Chaucer. s. fell and sturdy. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.

The Primrose) The chiefe and vvorthiest

Naked annes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) κατ' ἐναργείαν.

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.

Hent) caught. Nould) for vvould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.

Enaunter) least that.

The priestes crevve) holy vvater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinckle & hallovve the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vvas in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, vvhiche geueth sence and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.

Boreas) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the moste stormie vveather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage) a startuppe or clovvnish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, vvhich is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and vvithout beginninge, maketh those, vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them vvyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, vvhome God will so blesse: and albeit that many euil mē reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vvexe olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despysing his gray and frostye heares.

VVhom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the

at the first in contempt of old age generally. for it vvas an old opinion, and yet is cõtinued in some mens conceipt, that me of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypened with lõg experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeaunce, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe vvisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vvith much trouble harderned against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvas at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grinnes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vvas so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experience breederh in some men securitie. Although it please Erasimus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.

Ægloga Tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other plesaunce, which to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye Thomalin.

THomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refreshe,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne stubbe,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And bitter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vprysst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to were light,
That scornefully lookes alkaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke:
Or made preuie to the same?
Thomalin.
No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.
VVillye.
Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.
Thomalin.
Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton aud so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought nē gang on the greene,
VVillye.
Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.
Thomalin.
It was vpon a holiday,

When

March.

When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes cooting:
At length within an Vaie todde
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Mighe see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threwe: but nought availed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he, thast earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:

But

But soone it sore encreased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Me wote I, how to cease it.

VVillye.

Thomalin, I pitie thy plighe.
Perdie with loue thou diddest fighe:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilde wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face:
Yes time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted searce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSS.

THIS Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer went) ouergone
To quell) to abate.
Alegge) to lessen or asuage.
VVelkin) the skie.
The swallow)

The swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotté great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias bowre) that is the pleasaunt fielde, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce) askewe or asquint. For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Assotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delightes of Loue and wanton pleasures.

Winges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theeues, and the woodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe An Yate todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye. s. alwayes freshe and lusty: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .s. ful of flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that as with glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But who liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych worke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

Wimble and wighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

Riuer

Riuer of Styx. The vertue vvhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes vvashed therein from any mortall vvound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invnluerable: therfore by Paris vvas feyned to bee shotte vvith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, vvhiles he vvas busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which mysticall table Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by vvounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnevves, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder. the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfruiteful. vvhich reason our Poete vvel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

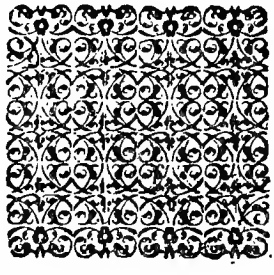
Latched) caught. VVtoken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitye of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanton youth vvallovveth, be but follye mixt vvith bitternesse, and sorovv savvced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrestfulnesse all night, and vvearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & fynding that we would not haue: euē the selfe things vvhich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of ryper yeares, vvhiche also therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted lyking and former fantasies, vvill then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen yougthes flovvre is vvithered, and vve synde our bodyes and vvits aunswere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.



Aprill.

Ægloga Quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawen not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom obiuptely he termeth Elysa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes preyne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like

Like Aprill shoure, so streames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whume long I lovd so deare.
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lamente?
Vs loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to hyde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre *Elisa*, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which vnce he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

Aprill.

YE dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your silver song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeinten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where have you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deftly, and singen soote,
in their merriment.
Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be peuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither remes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Olive branches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce.
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice,

Now

Now ryse vp *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vweepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.
Attempred to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.
The Ladde] Colin Clout]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks) wrethed & curled
Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking. s. vvhat maner of Ladde is he?
To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vvord making, our olde Englishe Poetes were vvont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvoorde ποιεῖν to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst] knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish dovvnes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The VVidovves] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowen, euen in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle vvoman of no meane house, nor endewed vvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vvorthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole: Vpon vvhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his præsumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne] a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and aftervvarde vsed in commen custome of speach for forenne.

Dight] adorned. Laye] a songe. as Roundelayes and Virelayes

In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vvitte, or to conceue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie] is, as it vvere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvhose abode the Poets saine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrye specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth thē famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhich spring it is sayd, that vvhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grovvnde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a vvel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, vvhich fro thēce forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus ἀργύρεον μέλος.

Syrinx] is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying frō him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shepheardes simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges

and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θυμός δὴ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
τιμὴ δ' ἐκ Διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δέ ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς.)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vworthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet] he deuiseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherevvith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and emboss t.

Embellish] beautifye and set out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the vniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorkes by vvhose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vvife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edvvard of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in vvhom vvas the firste vnion of the VVhyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Inuention, & the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.
which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, contemeth another part. but I holde rather vvith them, vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces] be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely adderh a fourth. f. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks. vvhō the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of al bountie & comelines, vvhich therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly] Finelye and nimbly. Sooke] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.

Beuie] A beauie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlavvfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke signifieth VVell water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Bedight] called or named.

Cloris] the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of vvhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vvont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, vvill not grovve neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vvhen Neptune and Minerua strouе for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth vvarre, but at Minerues stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring] all these be names of flovvers. Sops in vvine a flovvre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterme, Flovvre de luce, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.

A Bellibone] of a Bonibell. homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse.

Forlvvorlck and forlwatt] ouerlaboured and sunburnt.

I savv Phæbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned. which they call ὑποτυπωσις.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, vvhere she was honoured.

Latoaes seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhen as Niobe the vvife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruict of her vvombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therevvith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: where at the vnfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, vvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepheard sayth, he vvill not compare her to them, for feare of like myssfortune.

Now rise] is the conclusion. For having so decked her vvith prayses and comparisons, he

reuiueth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

VVhen Damsins] A base reward of a clovvnish giuer.

Yblent] Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo?) being otherwise vnhable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceipt. VVhom Thenot answereth vvith another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is novvhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.

Ægloga Quinta.

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinodie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. with whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their co

lourable

lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers,

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liuerpes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Yougthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling bzere:
And home they hasten the posies to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sptten as drowned in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies fitte,
But we twap bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush bearc)
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton merryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheards for the Deuils stedde.
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well is it seene, their sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone,
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,
When gread *Pan* account of shepeherdes shall al-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then foolly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scorne at me:
For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygone,

They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defiled.
But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say,)
Ought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Ensauncer their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must forsay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke therish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he millive in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong theuisaunce,
Heaping vp wauys of welth and woe,
The floodes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling,
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe returne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
When shepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well pwis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them serued for their maintenaunce.
The shephears God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided,
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho vnder colour of shepeheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
This was the first sourse of shephear ds sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile, nor borrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.
Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to allwage:
And who can counsell a christie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Hoste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes line, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe.
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill line in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times endureth of tranquillitie,
Vseu we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke same?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such faitors, when their false harts bene bidde.
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason.
Yode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,
To browze, or play, or what shee thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young somie, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as kidde mought bee:
His Vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe:
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight:
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a waylfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speache,

K

With some old sorowe, that made a newe breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke
Riddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusion.
For thy my Riddie be rule by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his treecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the gate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Yet forth shee yode thereat halfe aghast:
And Riddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
That some good body wouldo once pitie mee.
Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraine,
And longd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Preuelie he peeped out through a chinck:
Yet not so preuilie, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Iesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And kerpe your corpse from the carefull stounds,
That in my carrion carcas abounds.
The Kidd pitiying hys heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well yeond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:
For with long traueile I am brent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kiddie vnwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Fore, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,
Ne stayed he once, the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prise.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For sur sir John, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their falshode more could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the dewie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palino-

Palinodes Embleme.

Πᾶς μὴ ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

Piers his Embleme.

Τις δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ;

GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutiue. f. little bushes of hauthorne. Kirke) church. Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) vvent. Iouyssance) ioye. Svvinck) labour. Inly) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fifte booke de Preparat. Euang; vvho thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprighres. vvho sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemtion of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvas the name of an Ægyptian, vvhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stoode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry alovvd, that Pan was dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchauated spirits, that vvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answere vvas made him by the vviseſt and best learned, that it vvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vvould not.

Tho vvith them] doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, vvhych

caused to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke:vvhich verses be thus translated by Tullie.

,, Hæc habui quæ edi,quæque exaturata libido
,, Hausit,at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

vvhich may thus be turned into English.

,, All that I eate did I ioye,and all that I greedily gorged:
,, As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire,vvhich though much more vvisedome bewraieth, then Sardanapalus,yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse.the rymes be these.

,, Ho, Ho,who lies here?
,, I the good Erle of Deuonshere,
,, And Maulde my wife,that vvas ful deare,
,, VVe liued together lv. yeare.
,, That vve spent, vve had:
,, That vve gaue, vve haue:
,, That vve leste, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Emaunter) least that.
Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despeire or misbelieve.
Cheuisaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed for game:sometime of other for spoyle,or booty,or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.
Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan,to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe vvas their inheritaunce
Some gan) meant of the Pope,and his Antichristian prelates,which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche,and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a vvide gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment.Nought here spoken,as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce(as some malitiously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such,as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe
Sourse) vvelspring and originall. Borrovve) pledge or surtie.
The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas,vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders:being in deede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania,that novv is Barbarie,vvhich to mans seeming perceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens.Other thinke,and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye.(of vvhome may bee, that that hil had his denomination)brother to Prometheus(who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned,that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders.Many other coniectures needeleffe be told hereof.
VVarke) vvorke: Encheason)cause,occasion.
Deare borovv) that is our sauiour,the commen pledge of all mens debts to death.
VVyten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Conteck)strife contention.
Her)theyr,as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor felowshippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernely spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd

She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sprout and shoote foorth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall πάθος.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutour and gouernour.

That vword) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe. Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) Scoloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & craty

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastingues in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevvde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled tvvise or thrise by the vway: vvhich of some, that ryding vvith hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensevved. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was within tvvo hovvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. S. Idoles: and glasses. S. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarye sufferaunce as a vvorke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hole. VVhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stoundes) fittes: aforesayde. His lere) his lesson. Medled) mingled.

Besthhead.) agreeing to the person of a beast. Sibbe.) of kynne

Nevvell) a nevve thing. To forestall) to præuent. Gleeʃ chere, afforesayde.

Deare ⁊ price.) his lyfe, vvhich he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvarne the protestaunt bevvare, hovve he geueth credit to the vnfaythfull

Catholique: vvhereof vve haue dayly prooses sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in Frauce by Charles the nynth.

Fayne) gladde or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest, A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned Priestes.

Dismount) descende or set. Nye) dravveth nere.

Emblene.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that vvho doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehod breedeth mistrust in the myrd, thinking noleste guile to lurke in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth vvith another peece of the same verse, sayingas in his former fable, vvhat fayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if fayth be the ground of religion, vvhich fayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

Iune.

Ægloga sexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Ægloque is vvholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill sceccesse in his loue. For being (as is a foresaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his stede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the vvhole Argument of this Ægloque.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL. COLIN Clout.

O *Collni*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath wean'd my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassye grownd with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene ytost:
Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shouder my luckless pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shipheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauene lodge more black then pitche,
Nor elusish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydegeyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst syrens nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœbe* shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of careless peeres

L

Die let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
2 In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps. for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which weren old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres more rype,
And lasse of her, whose loue as lyke I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr purpy Lypes and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill dydst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I coume no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.

For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœbus* strone,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger drove:
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll,
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where fells hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
The fitter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poure my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daily greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of all my painfull plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to were so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is wore a weede,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do your you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, vvherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vvherein Adam in his first creation vvas placed. VVhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vworld (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus de scription of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowre out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, vvhereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vnseynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dvvelt. Nis) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, vvhere he nowe abydeth, vvhich thoughe they be full of hylles and vvoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and vvoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vvoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (VVhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned; vvhich as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nousell the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvoulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being tvvo famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the people's eares, that if theyr children at any time vvere frowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. VVhich vvords novve from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchme vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrevvsbury; whose noblesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defaicted & put to flyght at the onely heaiing of hys name. In somuch that the Frēch vvemen, to affray theyr chyldren, vvould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydeguies) A country daunce or rovvnd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and felow shepheards. Queneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde. Thys staffe is is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vvith Phœbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for ex-

cellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorye to Pan vndeserued: for vvhich Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitæ suæ .s. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie. O vvhy] A prerye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderse..ge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie vvas Anchora speme : for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But novve being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despeyre , he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

Ægloga septima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame and dispraysse of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin. Morrell.

IS not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth chrowde
emong the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,
come vp the hyll to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall vnsoft.

Iuly.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scorching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han theyr name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that ron of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And

And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.
Vpon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where *Phebe* layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his foly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene forelayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:

Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Teribinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kidds to smere,
the next, to heale their throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stombles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd that sitting hye,
vpon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should pede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
their good is with them goe:

They ſample onely to vs lent,
That als we mought doe ſoe.
Shepheards they weren of the beſt,
and liued in lowlye leas:
And ſith their ſoules bene now at reſt,
why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was, (as I haue heard
old Algrind often ſayne)
That whilome was the firſt ſhepheard,
and liued with little gayne:
As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
ſimple, as ſimple ſheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke, which he did keepe.
Often he vſed of hys keepe
a ſacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a ſheepe
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
ſuch fauour couth he fynd,
That ſithens neuer was abhord,
the ſimple ſhepheards kynd.
And ſuch I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing ſuch thilk ſhepheardе was,
whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke, to fetch a laſſe,
whoſe loue he bought to deare:
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(no ſuch mought ſhepheards bee)
And with lewde luſt was ouerlayd:
tway things doen ill agree:
But ſhepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
well eyed, as *Argus* was,

With flesshly follyes vndefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Dyght with belts of glitterand gold.
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seena.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome; (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leave,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyre, let other thresh,
their hands they may not file.

They

They han great stores, and thristye stockes,
great freendes and feeble foes:
What neede hem caren for their flocks?
theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards weltre in welths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a greate deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
to wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a signe of helth.
But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree.
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught by *Algrins* ill.
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
An Eagle sored hye,
That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell fishe to haue broake,
but therewith bruzd his brayne,
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.

Iulye.

Morrell.

Ah good *Algrim*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck) is the seate of honor. Straying heard] which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als] for also. Clymbe] spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers] according to Seneneca his verse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus. Mickle] much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching sunne, according to the time of the yeare, vvhiche is the vvhotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion, vvith one Dogge. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At vvhich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, vvith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Ouerture] an open place. The vvord is borrovved of the French, & vsed in good writers

To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvas vvont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvere called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes. I. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvas so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and savve the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which vvas no lesse, then present death. But being afterwarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes. VVecteleſſe] not vnderstoode.

S. Michels

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VVest part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

VVhere Titan) the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan:

The Shepheard] is Endymión, vvhom the Poets fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe. s. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, vvhere through errour of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys ofspring be debarred & shutte out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.

Our Ladyes bovvre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.

Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

τερμινθὴ τράγον ἰᾶται ἀκήμονα.

Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simplenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuin] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell] A losell. A borrell] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.

Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Frovvye] mustye or mossie.

Of yore] long agoe. Forexvente] gone afore.

The firste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvho (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe] hys charge s. his flocke. Lovvted] did honour and reuerence.

The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhych vvere shepemaisters, and lyued onelye thereupon.

VVhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vvith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; vvhere being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knovvledge of his parentage.

A lasse] Helena the vvyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vvith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye. which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous citye

of all Asia, most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Covv Io: So called because that in the print of a Covves foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name formore Decorum, the shepheardе sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in annquities of holy vvrit should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting. Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering. a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore

Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shepheardе, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

VVisards) greate learned heads. VVelter) wallovve. Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men. Surly) stately and provvde Melling) medling.

Bett) better. Bynempte) named. Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepheard afforesayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that vvas brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued. for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lovvly state, as that wherein is safetie vvithout feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed vvith tvvo contrary vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth vvith continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dvvelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dvvelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitye out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the tebownd, beate backe again vvith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus allissimus.

Ægloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Ægloque is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Ægloque. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin be sayth was Authour.

VVillye. Perigot. Cuddie.

TEll me *Perigot*, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy iointes benoind with ache?

Perigot.

Ah *Willye*, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or iointes be well apayde?

VVillye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah *Willye* now I haue learnd a newe daunce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath rapt vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
Or louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath millod both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye still may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight.
But and if in rymes with me thou dare striue,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Mayple warre:
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken sters warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie-twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any harueft Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne ponder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother,

That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall ponder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed *Willy*: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but *Colin* sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:
Sike a iudge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king.

Perigot. IT fell vpon a holly eue,
Willye. hey ho hollidaye,
Per. When holly fathers wont to shrieue:
Wil. now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
Wil. hey ho the high hyll,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. hey ho Bonibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. she can trippe it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is greete,
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. she sweeter then the Violet.

Per. My sheepe did leaue their wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the christall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone weren wider.
Per. Pasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a careleſſe sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought.
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for graceleſſe greefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho graceleſſe griefe,
Per. Witneſſe, shee ſlewe me with her eye:
Wil. let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that ſawe it, ſimple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death ſhall weepe,
Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer ſince my hart did greue.
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye,

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the beſt.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vnderſongs well addreſt.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a ſquint eye:
Areede vprightly, who has the victorye?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my ſoule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
And for *Perigot* ſo well hath hym payned,
To hm be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleaſed with the doome:
Ne can *Willye* wite the witeleſſe herdgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepheros, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to heare a doolefull verſe

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willy.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast lulde me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte (augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, draw neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and kynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys sighe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

Wail

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my crypes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse crypes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys mildeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly crypes | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O *Colin, Colin,* the shepheards iope,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie,* fresh *Cuddie* the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
Rafte) bereft, depriued.
Peregall) equall.
Misyvent) gon a straye.
VVhilome) once.
Ill may) according to

to Virgile. In felix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazet) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased) engraueri. Such pretie descriptions euery vvhere vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indede he by that name termeth his Æglogues: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvherof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrought betvvene.

Harueſt Queene) The manner of country folke in harueſt tyme. Pouſſe.) Peaſe.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvhō VVilly answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, vvho is supposed, his love deserueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crovvne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvas sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnleſſe. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) so saith Virgile. Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVite the vviteleſſe) blame the blameleſſe. The shepherd of Ida) vvas sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the cōquest, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, seemeth to chalenge it, as his devv, saying, that he, is happy vvhich can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvin the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.

Ægloga Nona.

ARGVMENT.

HErein Diggon Dauie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaūd, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinol. Diggon Dauie.

Iggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:
Or Diggon her is, or I mistaye.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

Diggon

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grieſe:
Sike queſtion ripeth vp cauſe of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous ſmart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes weren cleare.
And nowe ſithence I ſawe thy head laſt,
Thrile three Moones bene fully ſpent and paſt:
Since when thou haſt meaſured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flocks eſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheepe bene wafted, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly ſhepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iollye, nor ſhepehearde more.
In forrein coſtes, men ſayd, was plentye:
And ſo there is, but all of miſerye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſore.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for thoſe, that truely mene,
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,
No ſuch countrye, as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a Mart of their good name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the ſhepheards throte.
The ſhepheards ſwayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With vayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

I thought the ſayle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing ſich.
For eyther the ſhepeheards bene ydle and ſtill,
And ledde of their ſheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene falſe, and full of couetiſe,
And caſten to compaſſe many wrong empriſe.
But the more bene fraight with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They ſaye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my ſoule I dare vnderſaye,
They neuer ſette foote in that ſame troade,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the deuill at commaund:
But aſke hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of ſorrowe.
But they han ſold thilk ſame long agoe:
For thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, ſo let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee ſpeake not ſo dirke.
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt what,
Badde is the beſt (this engliſh is flatt.)
Their ill hauiour garres men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They ſayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her ſhepheards bene beaſtly and blont.
Other ſayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden ſhame of their cote.
Some ſticke not to ſay, (whote cole on her tongue)

That

That like mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worldes care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
For such encheason, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espyer
The fatte Ore, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shooten neerest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
For bigge Bulles *of Basan* brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute:
But the leane soules treaden under foote.
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergrast,
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leaue of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine:
Better it were, a little to feyne,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
But of like pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the shepheards, like bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce,
But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
And to theyr folds yeeld at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their cal:
For many han into mischiefe fall,

And bene of rauenous Wolues yreat,
All for they nould bt burdme and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule ſealing,
Well is knowne that ſith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe ſeene many nor ſome,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the ſoth to ſayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more ſecrete wiſe,
And with ſheepes clothing doen hem diſguiſe,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling two and free,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinol.

Or priue or pert yf any bene.
We han great Bandogs will teare their ſkinne.

Diggon.

Indeede thy hall is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thoyr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy ſhepheards to diſcerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
The bene ſo graue and full of mayntenaunce.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight.
For not but well mought him betight.
He is ſo meeke, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his ſelfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards ſich, God mought vs many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so keene a kurre,
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night wont to repayre
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call.)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.
This Wolnish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast.
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck
At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at euen he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

Diggon.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
To take his owne where euer it laye?
For had his weland bene a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse

For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr belliue.
If like bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of flesche, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miserec?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhalle.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief, that has thee hent,
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can: I wil thee comfort:
There mayst thou ligge in a verthy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vvho being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine countryes, and there seene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhereof commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. i. to saye his prayers.

VVightly) quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffred) solde. Dead at mischiefe) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Ethe) easie. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) for traueled.

VVae) vvoe Northernly. Eeked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) knovv.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely Stanck) vveane or fainte.

And novve) He applieth it to the eyme of the yeare, vvhich is in thend of harueft, which they call the fall of the leafe: at vvhich tyme the VVesterne vvynde beareth most svvaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) lefte Soote) svveete.

Vncouthe) vnknowen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighee) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen. Contek) strife.

Trode) path. Marre that) that is, their soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they damme to hell.

Blacke

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Mister) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVarse) vvorse.
Crumenall) purse. Brace compasse. Enchefon) occasion. Ouergrast) ouergrovvē vvith grasse. Galage) shoe. The grosse) the whole.
Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.
Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde. vvhich king caused all the VVolues, vvhereof then vvas store in thys countrye, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue ben VVolues here founde, vnlesse they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be VVolues in England.
Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indede it vvas vvont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phrase The original vvhereof vvas, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvas christened, Kent onely except, vvhich remayned long after in mysbelieve and vnchristened, So that Kent vvas counted no part of Christendome.
Great hunt) Executing of lavves and iustice. Enaunter) least that.
Inly) invvardly. afforesayde. Preuely or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.
Rosly) The name of a shepeheardc in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge. vvhome he here commendeth for greate care and vvise gouernance of his flock
Colin cloute) Novve I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Authour selfe. vvhose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly Mayster Gabriel Harueyo of vvhose speciall commendation, as vvell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a sufficient tryall in diuerse his vvorkes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late Gratulationū Valdinensium vvhich boke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in vvriting to her Maiestie. aftervvard presenting the same in print vnto her Highnesse at the vvorshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundrye most rare and very notable vvritings, partely vnder vnknown Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomastix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and especially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of other shepheardes, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar freendes and best acquayntaunce.
This tale of Rosly seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But vvhat, I certeinlye knovv not. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) skie. afforesaid.
A VVeanell-vvaste) a vveamed youngling. Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male and Female. Steuen) Noyse. Beliue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verse translated. Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.
Forehaile) dravve or distresse. Vetchie) of Pease stravve.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For vvhen the foolishe boye by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in loue vvith his ovvne likenesse: and not hable to content him selfe vvith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon vseth it to other purpose, as vvho that by tryall of many vvayes had founde the vvorst,

vvorst, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowve, to haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like effecte, as syrste Narcissus spake it.

October.

Ægloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whisbe finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and even amōgst the most barbarous alwayes of singular accounpt & honor, & being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιασμὸν and celestiall inspiration, as the Auther hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke bring lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

Pierce. Cuddie.

CVddie, for shame hold vp thy heaupe head,
And let vs cast wich what delight to chace:

And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

Cuddye.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their sonle of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So prayseth babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike prayse is smoke, that shedeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and walken soone in vayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed weren daply browne.

There may thy Muse display her flutteryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecœnas* lest his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

Cuddie.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pires

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rapse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes.
Me wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus* wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.
Pires.
And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more lostye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubte vvhether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For

in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Co lins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

VVhilome) sometime. Oaten reedes) Auena.

Ligge so layde) lye so saynt and vnlustye. Dapper) pretye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre vvith Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvas of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vsed euery fiue yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable thē the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eythet of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvere rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvas inspired from aboue, called him varem: vvhich kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of mē) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vvyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvere called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereaue) vvhat the secrete vvorking of Musick is in the myndes of men, asvvell appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste vvise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd vvas made of a certaine harmonie and musicall nombers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable historyof Alexander: to vvhom vvhen as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he vvas distraught vvith such vnvvonted fury, that streight vway rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to bē armed, as ready to goe to vvarre (for that musick is very vvar like:) And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogither on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vvhich vseth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Iô, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury vvyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slevv him and brought Iô away, vvhose eyes it is sayd that Iuno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vnvvounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his skill

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratious soueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knighthoode and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also sauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowmed the Erle of Leycester, vvhō by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevvrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knovvn to country clovvne.

Slack) that is vvhen thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce. Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvel knowē to be Virgile, vvho by Mecænas means vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

VVhereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorkes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvars and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualrie.

For euer) He shevveth the cause, vvhy Poetes vvere wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor shold through theyr famous Posies be cōmended to al posterities. vvherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses: vvhich is the only aduantage, vvhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cōming to his tombe in Sigeus, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvas his hap to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poets work: as so renowmed, and ennobled onely by hys meanes vvhich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely serre forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille sospirando disse
O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, asvvell shevveth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or othervvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that vvere of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhych prayse otherwise vvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as layd vp there for speciall ievvells and richesse, vvhich he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother euery night layde vnder his pillovve.

Such honor haue Poetes alvvayes found in the ſight of princes and noble men. vvhich this author here very well ſheweth, as els vvhere more notably.

But after) he ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of Poetry to be idleneſſe and baſeneſſe of mynd. Pent) ſhut vp in ſlouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacraſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude vvits, vvhych make more account of a tynäing rybaud, then of ſkill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne breſt) the meaner ſort of men. Her pecced pineons) vnperfect ſkil. Spoken vvyth humble modeſtie.

As ſoote as Svvanne) The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſvvanne hath euer vvonne ſmall commendation for her ſvvete ſinging: but it is ſayd of the learned that the ſvvan a little before hir death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecrere inſtinct her neere deſtinie As vvel ſayth the Poete elſvvhere in one of his ſonetts.

The ſiluer ſvvanne doth ſing before her dying day
As ſhee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrthour) Beauty, vvhich is an excellent obiect of Poeticall ſpirites, as appea reth by the vvorthy Petrachs ſaying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la ſua ombra, et creſcer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a baſe and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aſwel in our Engliſh tongue, as it hath bene alvvayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes ſaying. vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poſcit.

Lauiſh cups) Reſembleth that comen verſe Fæcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum.

O ſtmy) He ſeemeth here to be rauiſhed with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers riſe ſo ful, & the verſe groweth ſo big, that it ſeemeth he hath forgot the meanenceſſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

VVild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is ſayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke prieſtes) vſed in theyr ſacrifice to carry Thyrſos, which were pointed ſtaues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with yuie.

In buſkin) it vvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buſkins, as alſo in Comedies to vſe ſtockes & light ſhoes. So that the buſkin in Poetry is vſed for tragical matter, as it ſaid in Virgile. Sola ſophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.

Queint) ſtrange Bellona; the goddeſſe of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian ſaith) vvhen Iupiter hir father was in traueile of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head. Out of which leaped forth luſtely a valiant damſell armed at all poyntes, vvhom ſeeing Vulcane ſo faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her ſome corteſie, which the Lady diſdeigning, ſhaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtrauugeneſſe is vvell applyed to her.

Æquipage.) order. Tydes) ſeaſons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charmes vvere vvont to be made by verſes as Ouid ſayth. Aut ſi carminibus.

Embleme.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the skyll vvhereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye haddea taste.

Nouember.

Ægloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

Thenot. Colin.

COlin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were | wont songs of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce,

November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yereiy tas-ke:
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his vynne in *Fishes* has-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest praise:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne mas-ke,
As thee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes praise?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him stes the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in s-kilfull thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my sooltree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewedrops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:

The

The layest May she was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my woefull tene:
I shall thee giue yond Colliet for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kidde or Collet, which I thee bynempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will straine.

VP then *Melpomene* thou mournefullest Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Up grieslie ghostes and vp my rufull ryme,
Matter of myth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead shee is, that myth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heauie herse,
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woes?
The fayrest flour e our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie verse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde.
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie verse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

Whilst she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and crackneils and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie verse,
As *Colin cloute* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displaist by dolors dine:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The

The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her corse embraue.
O heauie herse.
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with teares besprint.
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the nosegayes that the dight for thee:
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforse.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.
O heauie herse,
And *Philomele* her song with teares doth steepe.
O carefull verse.

Nouember.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elder braunches feare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assurance to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and syrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled now in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happy verse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,
Dye would we daily, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can assert:
Faire fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
O happy verse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And iopes enjoyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy verse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meine
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraintes?
Thyne be the coffette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up *Colin* up, enough thou morned hast,
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

Nouember.

GLOSSE.

Ioniſaunce) myrth. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Herie) honour.

VVelked) ſhortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is ſayde of Lidgate to vvelk.

In lovvly lay) according to the ſeaſon of the moneth Nouember, when the ſonne dravveth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fiſhes haſke) the ſonne, reigneth that is, in the ſigne Piſces all Nouember. a haſke is a vvicker pad, wherein they vſe to cary fiſh.

Virelaies) a light kind of ſong.

Bee vvatred) For it is a ſaying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muſes vvell Caſtlias, vvhereof vvas before ſufficiently ſayd.

Dreriment) dreery and heauy cheere.

The great ſhepheard) is ſome man of high degree, and not as ſome vainely ſuppoſe God Pan. The perſon both of the ſhepheard and of Dido is vnknovven and cloſely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Roſalind, as ſome imagin: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.

Shene) fayre and ſhining. May) for mayde. Tene) ſorrow.

Guerdon) reward. Bynempt) bequethed. Coſſet) a lambe brought vp without the dam. Vnkempt) Incõpti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanſome.

Melpomene) The ſadde and wayleſull Muſe vſed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as ſaith Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæſta boatu.

Vp grieſly goſts) The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghoſtes: ſo is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the reſt of the reſt. Herſe) is the ſolemne obſequie in funeralles.

VVaſt of) decay of ſo beautifull a peece. Carke) care.

Ah vvhy) an elegant Epanorthoſis. as alſo ſoone after. nay time was long ago.

Flouret) a dimumtine for a little floure. This is a notable and ſententious compariſon A minore ad maius.

Reliuen not) liue not againe .ſ. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their due reward.

The braunch) He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vvere the mayne braunch now vvithered the buddes that is beautie (as he ſayd afore) can nomore flouriſh.

VVith cakes) fit for ſhepheards bankets. Heame) for home. after the northerne pronouncing. Twiſt) deyed or ſtayned.

The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which vvere the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vſed in burialls.

Lobbin) the name of a ſhepherd, vvhich ſeemeth to haue bene the louer & deere friende of Dido. Ruſhrings) agreeable for ſuch baſe gyſtes

Faded lockes) dryed leaues. As if Nature her ſelfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourſe) ſpring. Mantled medowes) for the ſondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.

Philomele) the Nightingale . vvhome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauiſhed by hir ſiſters huſbande, ſhe deſired to be turned

ned into a byrd of her name.vvhose complaintes be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gaskin a wittie gentleman,and the very chefe of our late tymers,vvho and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knovven he altogyther vvanted not learning)no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe.and properly the of all sorow and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas,ughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man,as it were a long threde,which they dravve out in length,till his fatal hovvre & timely death be come;but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged,then one of them,that is Atropos,is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain.Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat,lachesis trahit,Atrhpos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vvisedom and passionate wyth great affection. Beare) a frame whoron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three,Persephone Alecto and Megera,vvhich are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischiefe.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell. Betight) happened,

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise,where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very epresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astert] befall vnvvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvhite like Creme, vvhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens,as yet appeareth But I haue already discourse that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour. Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not.For although by course of nature we be borne to dye,and being ripened with age, as vvith a timely harvest,vve must be gathered in time,or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death in to the world,as the guerdon of sinne,yet being ouercome by the death of one, that dyed for al,it is novv made (as Chaucer sayth)the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vvas sayd,that Death byteth not (that is)hurteth not at all.

December.

Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable haruestе wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye hyere,
That *Colin* hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwary sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowd my ioyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas gaine:
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were taine.
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse, fo wrought me from my birth,
Or I tomuch beleeued my shepherd peres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

December.

A good olde shepheardе, *Wrenock*, was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer feede in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did folow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The griellie Todestoole growne there mought I se
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lulde me a sleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grieuous yune doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
Also my age now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed.
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Bas-kets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How *Phœbe* fayles, where *Venus* sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sodain rysing of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont to tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin cloute*,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does riselye bleede.
Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harueste hastened all to rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barren now at erst:
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before.

And rotted, ere they were halfemellow ripe:
My harueſt waſt, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Their rootes bene dryed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rolalind* this ſpight
To ſpil the flowres, that ſhould her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the chiftins of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and vnſoote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe nomore,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threſht in ſwelling ſheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt vp quite:
My harueſte haſts to ſtirre vp winter ſterne,
And bids him clapine with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coſte doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleaſure paſt,
No ſonne now ſhines, cloudes han all ouercaſt.

Now leaue ye ſhepheards boyes your merry gles,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of thys ſtounde:

Here

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death goes hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd.
Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse
Deigne) vouchsafe.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) felowes and companions.
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth Omni artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.
Deering doe) aforesayd.
Lambkins) young lambes.
Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.
Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutines.
Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in middest of Iomer; a pretie allegory, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.
His ray) which is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his vehete loue.
Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of all his vnquietnes in loue.
Where I was) a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and likings; for all things nowe seemed

seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be sturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) sheepecotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale) or Salow a kind of woodde like VVyllow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phæbe fayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) s. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All which still in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seaes) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) niuented by the Thuscanes, and frō them deriued to the Romanes, who (as is sayd in Liuie) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That wonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchauntments and sorceries that haue bene wrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned mē into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea sæua potentibus herbis &c.

Kidst) knewest. Eare) of corne. Scathe) losse hinderaunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

This is my) The thyrde parte wherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely harueſt, that bringeth little fruite.

The flagraunt flowres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poete is seene, be they witnesse which are priuie to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood. Glee mirth)

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights) is a conclusion of all. where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all Æglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though ful indede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

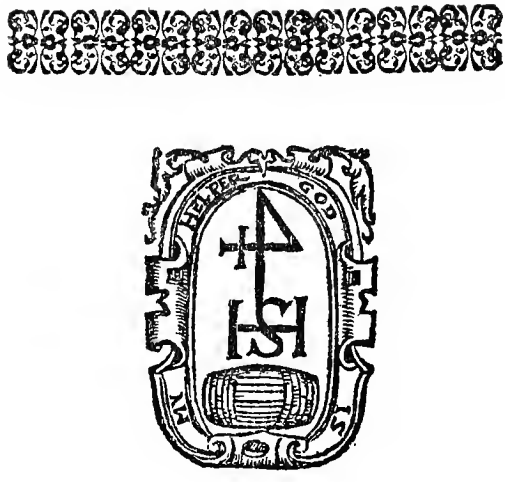
Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

Merce non mercede.



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